THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, April 25, 1803.

ACCOUNT *of the* MALAYS.

[From Percival's Hiſtory of Ceylon.]

THE arms which the Malays carry are well ſuited to their ſavage and bloody diſpoſition; and as on receiving any real or imaginary injury, they make no heſitation to ſacrifice their own life in taking away that of the object they have marked out for vengeance, they often do incredible miſchief with the weapons which they wear about them. Theſe conſiſt of a kind of dagger, called a kreeſe or criſſe; the blade of which is of the beſt tempered ſteel, and often made of a ſerpentine form, ſo as to inflict a moſt dreadful wound. The handle is of ivory or wood, carved into the figure of a man's body and arms, with a head repreſenting ſomething between that of a man and a bird. This they call their ſwammy or god; and to this figure they make their ſalam, or obeiſance, before they draw the kreeſe to execute any bloody purpoſe on which they have determined. After they have by this ceremony confirmed their vow, they draw their kreeſe, and never again ſheath it till they have drenched it in blood. So reſolute is this ferocious determination, that if their adverſary is placed beyond the reach of their vengeance, ſooner than infringe it, they will plunge the dagger into the body of a pig, a dog, a chicken, or any live animal they may chance to meet. The ſcabbard is made of wood, frequently ornamented with gold or ſilver wire: and the whole appearance of the weapon, as well as the mode of wearing it on the right ſide, greatly reſembles that found in the ancient dreſs of the Celtick nations. This terrible inſtrument is rendered ſtill more ſo by its being always poiſoned; generally by the juice of ſome poiſonous herbs, and among thoſe who can anywiſe procure it, with poiſon from the upa tree.

In the uſe of their fatal weapon they are particularly dextrous, and like other barbarians make no ſcruple to employ treachery or ſurpriſe in deſtroying their enemies. They generally watch their opportunity, and ſtab their victim in the back or ſhoulder before he is aware. Theſe daggers, the inſtruments of their ferocious cruelty, are looked upon by them with a degree of veneration. They deſcend, as a moſt ſacred relic, from father to ſon, and from generation to generation: no money is accounted ſufficient to purchaſe them, and no violence can compel their owners to give them up. When a Malay is preſſed in battle, he will ſooner be ſlain, or kill himſelf, than ſurrender his kreeſe to the enemy.

Before entering upon any deſperate enterpriſe, it is cuſtomary with the Malays to take opium, or, as they term it, to *bang* themſelves. This plant, the bang, which is uſed among the natives of India as an inſtrument of intoxication, is found over all that continent as well as in Ceylon. It is a ſmall ſhrub, with a leaf in ſhape and texture reſembling that of the tobacco, but not larger than the leaf of the ſage. From this plant a ſpecies of opium is extracted, and being made into balls, is taken internally, and operates in the ſame manner as a dram of ſpirits among the European nations. The leaf of the bang is alſo dried and ſmoked like tobacco, with a ſtill ſtronger intoxicating effect than the opium.

After employing this method of rendering themſelves inſenſible to danger, they are prepared for the moſt ſanguinary atchievements, and ruſh blindfold into every atrocity. The horrid barbarities, however, which they commit on ſuch occaſions, are not ſo much to be attributed to their intoxication as to the natural ſavage cruelty of their diſpoſitions. It is true, indeed, that before any bloody enterprize is undertaken, they firſt throw themſelves into a ſtate of temporary madneſs by means of bang; but the reſolution to commit the crime preceded this ſtate: they firſt in cold blood reſolve to perpetrate their atrocities, and then uſe means to throw themſelves into a phrenzy, that no ſentiment either of humanity or fear may turn them aſide from their bloody purpoſe. Some, who are anxious to clear human nature from ſuch ſtains, without conſidering that they ariſe from ſituation and circumſtances, attribute the unparalleled barbarity of the Malays to the quantity of opium which they take from their infancy, in conſequence of which they are in an almoſt perpetual ſtate of delirium. This delirium, however, is not of longer continuance than till the intoxicating quality of the drug has ſpent its force. In the intervals they are completely maſter of themſelves; it is then they plan their enterpriſes; and the quantity of bang which they take is proportioned to their determination to perpetrate the crime they are about to commit. In fact, their inſtitutions and their religion

are

are ſufficient to account for their character, without ſeeking for any other cauſe, and without accuſing nature of having produced monſters.

The manner in which the Malays undertake to accompliſh their revenge, gives the moſt ſtriking example of their ferocious diſpoſitions. When a Malay has ſuffered any injury or grievance, real or imaginary, and ever ſo ſlight, the moſt dreadful thirſt of revenge appears to take poſſeſſion of his whole ſoul. He makes a vow to deſtroy the object of his vengeance, together with every other perſon who comes in his way, till he meet death from ſome hand or other. To prepare himſelf for this dreadful exploit, he takes a large quantity of bang, then draws his poiſoned kreeſe, and ruſhing headlong into the ſtreet, ſtabs indiſcriminately every one that comes in his way; at the ſame time crying aloud, *amok*, *amok*, or kill, kill, from whence this horrid mode of revenge is termed by Europeans *running a muck*. The fury of the devoted wretch is indeſcribable, and the miſchief he often does is very great before a lucky ſhot brings him down. The natives fly before him in the utmoſt conſternation, and hardly any perſon but an European dares venture to attack him. It is indeed a ſervice of incredible danger to hunt down the mad ſavage, as he defends himſelf deſperately to the laſt, and even though mortally wounded often contrives to deſtroy his antagoniſt by a ſtab of his poiſoned kreeſe.

The Dutch government at Ceylon found it neceſſary to repreſs this ferocious practice by the ſevereſt puniſhments. A reward of one or two hundred rix-dollars was offered for the deſtruction or capture of thoſe who ran a muck; and ſuch of them as were taken alive were put to death with the moſt excruciating torments.

The frequency of mucks in the Dutch ſettlements, ſeems attributable to the manner in which that nation behaved to their Malay dependants. The ſlaves and ſervants of the Dutch were chiefly compoſed of that race; and it is among this claſs that the inſtances of ſavage fury which we have deſcribed uſually occurred. The cruel, capricious, and inſulting behaviour of their maſters exaſperated their natural ferocity; and the impoſſibility of obtaining legal redreſs from their tyrants ſtimulated them to ſeek vengeance in the deſtruction of their maſters, themſelves, and the human ſpecies. At Batavia, and the Dutch ſettlements to the eaſtward, where their conduct is moſt deſpotick and cruel, mucks are greatly more frequent than in Ceylon, or at the Cape of Good Hope.

Since the arrival of the Engliſh at Ceylon, the barbarous practice has almoſt been unknown; and a few private murders committed on the ſepoys and black people in the Pettah, were the only crimes of this nature attributed to the Malays during my ſtay at Columbo. No other cauſe can be aſſigned for this diffe-

ence in the conduct of these people, but the superior mildness of the English government.

So dreadful indeed is the frantick mode of revenge adopted by the Malays, that as long as their feelings continue to be exasperated by bad usage, it is necessary to impress their minds with fear by the severest punishments. But it is consistent with the nature of man to suppose that mild treatment, and the example of human manners, would by degrees soften their minds and restrain their passions within the bounds of civilized society, without these dreadful punishments which are too shocking ever to reform. The Malays, indeed, in their present state are, from their ideas of morality, almost incapable of being admitted into social life. They have no idea of revenge being a crime, and they triumph in shedding blood on such an occasion. Nothing indeed seems to prevent them from putting the most atrocious purpose into execution, when they have once resolved upon it. The introduction of Christianity among them, is the only means by which this unprincipled ferocity can be radically reformed; and it would certainly in a political view be of infinite service to us, that those Malays in our settlements should embrace this religion.

SINGULAR CHARACTERS.

THE following description of a singular character may not prove unacceptable to our readers:—

It is a curious, and at the same time a melancholy reflection, that more than half the miseries of life are of our own creation. The human mind is tenacious of affliction; it clings to and broods over its sufferings; it magnifies every unpleasant object that comes within its ken; and, by the help of imagination, turns slight and transient disquiet into real evil.

Disappointment in a party of pleasure, a rainy day, an ill-roasted joint of meat, a lost argument, or a spoiled new hat, are sufficient to put some people out of temper for a month.

A literary acquaintance of mine, who is apt to be troubled with the hypochondria, seems to exert his whole ingenuity in making himself miserable. If the weather in January suddenly become warm, his thoughts are perpetually recurring to the dreadful plague in the reign of Charles II. if the sun look red and fiery, he is no doubt coming full drive against the earth to reduce us to ashes, or there will be some other terrible derangement in the planetary system; either Jupiter's four moons will go to loggerheads, or Saturn swell to such an enormous bulk as to burst his belt.

A thunder-storm sends him upon his knees, because he is persuaded the last day is arrived; and a shower of hail in the night

is ſure to rouze him from his bed to look for fire running along the ground, as it did during one of the plagues in Egypt. His exiſtence, indeed, is one continued malady of mind and body. The apprehenſion of miſery has at length become worſe than the miſery itſelf; and every ſlight bodily indiſpoſition, or even the ſmalleſt ſymptom of indiſpoſition, ſo affects him, that his houſe looks like an hoſpital, inſtead of appearing the reſidence of a gentleman and a philoſopher.

He has nothing to do but to cough three or four times in the morning, and he immediately muffles himſelf up in flannel, lies down on a ſopha by the fire, and paſſes his time in marking the changes of the ſky, counting his pulſe every four minutes by a ſtop-watch, drinking water-gruel, rubbing his throat with hartſhorn, and ſpreading plaiſters of Burgundy pitch.

But a very near neighbour of the philoſopher's, to whom I was introduced ſome little time ago, is, if it be poſſible, ſtill more ingenious in the creation of viſionary wretchedneſs. Having applied himſelf from his youth to the ſtudy of antiquities, and a very attentive peruſer of ancient hiſtory, he has at length perſuaded himſelf that the preſent is a very degenerate age; that every new century brings with it a thouſand new evils; that the moderns are a ſet of unfortunate ignoramuſes and raſcals; and, in ſhort, that the true way of living rightly and comfortably was known only to the ancients, and has never been rediſcovered ſince the decline of the Roman empire.

This notion is almoſt uppermoſt in his thoughts, and is conſequently betrayed in every word and action of his life. He thinks the world is grown too old to be of much uſe any longer; is continually quarrelling with his hard fate that brought him into the world in the eighteenth century, and made him a rich bachelor, an Engliſhman, and a Chriſtian; and cannot conceive the reaſon why he was not born two thouſand years ago.

The firſt thing he does in the morning, after examining his cabinet, to ſee whether his gems, medals, intaglios, &c. &c. are all ſafe, is to throw up the window of his bed-chamber, curſe the heavy hypochondriacal atmoſphere of England, and ſigh for the delicious refreſhing breezes of the ancient Campania.

He then dreſſes himſelf; and while he is putting on his ſhirt, cannot help uttering a thouſand lamentable ſoliloquies on the diſuſe of flannel and woollen inner-garments; on the infinite ſuperiority of flannel to linen, wearing better next the ſkin, and being much wholeſomer; and on the ſtiff cut of modern dreſs; not forgetting to execrate the want of taſte manifeſted by the preſent age in the total concealment of their toes, which is the conſequence of wearing ſhoes inſtead of ſandals, and is a cuſtom, he is certain, we have borrowed from the Chineſe: whereas, argues he, if ſandals were in faſhion, our young men would not only become more cleanly in their perſons, but no doubt,

doubt, as in Rome, our beaux might learn to ſlide more eaſily into the hearts of the ladies; and a good foot with the toes neatly pared and rounded, would become as great an attraction as a white and taper hand.

Our antiquary, after indulging himſelf in theſe and ſuch like melancholy reflections, proceeds to breakfaſt; a meal which he regularly continues to eat with ill-humour, and an ill-reliſh. Every ſpoonful of tea that he ſips makes him conſider how a Roman would laugh to ſee him drinking a decoction of a paltry Chineſe herb, evidently of modern uſe, and conſequently utterly unclaſſical and barbarous; and yet he is, from habit, ſo attached to certain little modern conveniencies, ſuch as tea, ſugar, tobacco, &c. &c. that it is with the greateſt violence to his animal inclinations he can prevail on himſelf to forego any one of them; and it was but three days ago he told one of his maid-ſervants, with tears in his eyes, that he believed he muſt be compelled to take off his two toaſted crumpets from his morning meal, as he had ſome doubts whether the *collyra ſpongioſa*, mentioned by Pliny, was the exact modern crumpet or no.

As his table, however, notwithſtanding piteous complaints of ill-fare, is, in general not only elegantly, but even ſumptuouſly furniſhed, it is almoſt daily ſurrounded by a croud of acquaintances, who are content to hear his lamentations, enjoy the good things of a very excellent larder, and laugh in their ſleeves at the man who has all the comforts of life within his reach, and yet will not put forth his hand to obtain them, becauſe providence has ſent them in the nineteenth century, and not in the reign of Auguſtus Cæſar, or Alexander the Great.

R.

Account of the Execution of Colonel Deſpard and his Accomplices.

(Concluded from Page 312.)

HAVING detailed the trials of theſe perſons, we ſhall conclude the whole with a narrative of the circumſtances which attended their execution. On Monday, the 21ſt of February, 1803, Colonel Edward Marcus Deſpard, Thomas Broughton, John Francis, Arthur Graham, John Macnamara, John Wood, and James Sedgewick Ratten, were executed, at the front of the New Priſon, Horſemonger-lane, in the borough of Southwark, purſuant to their ſentence, for high treaſon.

At five o'clock in the morning, the trumpet ſounded at the horſe guards, as the ſignal for the cavalry to aſſemble.

Three troops of the Scotch greys, from Croydon, arrived about half paſt ſeven, and were ſtationed in a field oppoſite the

Elephant and Caſtle. The guards were under arms in the tower, at Knightſbridge, &c. and horſe-guards were ſtationed in Horſe-monger-lane, around the priſon, and along the chief roads in St. George's-fields, while the Bow ſtreet patrole mixed among the crowd, and paraded round the neighbourhood. About 20,000 perſons might be aſſembled.

At ſeven o'clock, five of them—Broughton, Francis, Graham, Wood, and Ratten, went into the chapel; Colonel Deſpard remaining in his cell, and Macnamara praying in his cell with the Roman catholic prieſt. The five priſoners conducted themſelves with much decorum in the chapel. Before they received the ſacrament four of them confeſſed they had done wrong, but not to the extent charged againſt them by the evidence. The fifth (Graham) ſaid he was innocent of the charges brought againſt him, but that he had attended two meetings; the ſecond at the inſtigation of Francis. It was Emblin, he added, who called on him to take him to the meeting, by Francis's deſire. For ſome time the clergyman refuſed to adminiſter the ſacrament to Francis, becauſe he perſiſted in declaring he had been guilty of no crime.—The clergyman ſaid to him, "You admit you attended meetings?" He replied "Yes" "You knew they were for the purpoſe of overturning the conſtitution and government of the country? I by no means wiſh you to enter into particulars—I only wiſh you to acknowledge generally." Francis then ſmiled—it ſeemed to be the natural character of his countenance; he anſwered, "I admit I have done wrong in attending thoſe meetings."—The ſacrament was then adminiſtered to him.

The ſervice in the chapel laſted three-quarters of an hour. Before it was over, Colonel Deſpard and Macnamara were brought down from their cells. Their irons were knocked off, and their arms and hands bound with ropes. While the clergyman was gone out of the chapel to prepare for the ſacrament, the five priſoners in the chapel roſe, on hearing the colonel's irons being knocked off near the door. They aſked each other "Where is he?" and ſeemed anxious to ſee him.

After they had received the ſacrament, they were brought out of the chapel and their irons were knocked off. The executioner then tied their arms and hands, in the ſame manner as he had before bound Colonel Deſpard and Macnamara. Notice was then given to the ſheriff, that they were ready. Colonel Deſpard, who ſtood the firſt, retired behind, and motioned to Francis, who was making way for him to go before him. The hurdle had been previouſly prepared in the outer court-yard. It was the body of a ſmall cart, on which two truſſes of clean ſtraw were laid. It was drawn by two horſes. The proceſſion moved in the following order:

The ſheriff of Surry.
The clergyman in his robes.
Mr. Ives, the keeper, with a white wand.

High

High conſtable.
Other conſtables.
The executioner, with a drawn ſword.

Macnamara and Graham were firſt put into the hurdle, and drawn to the lodge, where the inner gates were opened, and they were conveyed to the ſtair-caſe that leads up to the ſcaffold. The hurdle then returned, and brought

Broughton and Wratten,
then
Wood and Francis.

Laſt of all Colonel Deſpard was put into it alone. Macnamara ſeemed intent upon the book in his hand. Graham remained ſilent. Broughton leaped into the hurdle, ſmiled, and looked up to the ſcaffold. Wood and Francis both ſmiled; and all of them ſurveyed the awful ſcene with much compoſure. Deſpard ſhook hands with a gentleman, as he got into the hurdle, and looked up to the ſcaffold with a ſmile.—Seven coffins, which had previouſly been placed in a room under the ſcaffold, were brought up, and placed on the platform on which the drop was erected. As ſoon as the priſoners were placed on the hurdle, St. George's bell tolled for ſome time. It was about half paſt eight when the priſoners were brought up to the ſcaffold one by one.

Macnamara was firſt brought up; when the cord was placed round his neck, he exclaimed, with the greateſt devotion, "Lord Jeſus, have mercy upon me! Oh, Lord, look down with pity upon me!" Graham came ſecond. He looked pale and ghaſtly, but ſpoke not. Ratten was the third: he aſcended the ſcaffold with firmneſs. Broughton the fourth ſmiled as he ran up the ſcaffold ſtairs, but as ſoon as the rope was faſtened round his neck, he turned pale, and ſmiled no more. He joined in prayer with much earneſtneſs. Wood was the fifth, Francis the ſixth.

Francis aſcended the ſcaffold with a compoſure which he preſerved to the laſt.

Wood and Broughton were equally compoſed. Of all of them Francis was the beſt looking. Colonel Deſpard was brought up the laſt, dreſſed in boots, a dark brown great coat, his hair unpowdered. The colonel aſcended the ſcaffold with great firmneſs. His countenance underwent not the ſlighteſt change, while the awful ceremony of faſtening the rope round his neck, and placing the cap on his head, was performing. He looked at the multitude aſſembled with perfect calmneſs.

The ceremony of faſtening the priſoners being finiſhed, the colonel advanced as near as he could to the edge of the ſcaffold, evidently with an intent to addreſs the populace. As ſoon as the populace perceived his intention, there was an univerſal call for ſilence.—Not a breath or murmur was to be heard. The colonel then, with a firm ſtep and collected manner, advanced

to the front of the ſcaffold, and delivered an addreſs, in preciſely the following words:

"FELLOW CITIZENS,

"I am come here as you ſee, after having ſerved my country faithfully, honourably, and, I truſt, uſefully for thirty years and upward, to ſuffer death upon a ſcaffold, for a crime, which I am no more guilty of than any man who is now liſtening to me. But though his majeſty's miniſters know I am not guilty, they avail themſelves of the opportunity, which they have, of deſtroying a man, becauſe they think he is a friend to truth, to liberty, and to juſtice, and becauſe he has been a friend to the poor, and to the oppreſſed. But, fellow citizens, I hope and truſt, that, notwithſtanding my fate, and perhaps the fate of many others who may follow me, that ſtill the principles of liberty, juſtice, and humanity, will triumph over falſehood, deſpotiſm, and deluſion, and every thing elſe hoſtile to the intereſts of the human race. And now, having ſaid this, I have nothing more to add, but to wiſh you all that health, that happineſs, and that freedom, which I have ever made it my endeavour, as far as lay in my power, to procure for every one of you, and for mankind in general."

Immediately after this ſpeech, the populace cheered; but the impulſe immediately ſubſided.—As ſoon as Colonel Deſpard had ceaſed ſpeaking, the clergyman prayed with five of the priſoners. Macnamara prayed earneſtly with the clergyman of his own perſuaſion.

The laſt and moſt dreadful part of the ceremony was now to be performed. The moſt awful ſilence prevailed, and the thouſands preſent, all, with one accord, ſtood uncovered. At ſeven minutes before nine o'clock the ſignal was given, the platform dropped, and they were all launched into eternity!

After hanging exactly half an hour, the bodies were cut down. Colonel Deſpard was firſt cut down, his body placed upon ſawduſt, and his head on a block. After his coat had been taken off, his head was ſevered from his body. This was done by the executioner, with a ſurgeon's knife. The executioner then took the head by the hair. He carried it round the parapet on the right-hand ſide, holding it up to the view of the populace, while another officer, who accompanied him, exclaimed,

"This is the head of a traitor—Edward Marcus Deſpard!"

There was great hooting and hiſſing at this exhibition, particularly among the populace who occupied the tenter-fields. They uſed the moſt opprobious expreſſions, and ſeemed very indignant. The ſame ceremony was then performed at the left-hand ſide of the parapet, by the ſame two officers in proceſſion, the one carrying the head, and the other uſing the ſame exclamation. The colonel's body was then put into the coffin that had been prepared to receive it.

The other ſufferers were then cut down, their heads ſevered from their bodies, and exhibited to the populace with the ſame exclamation of—" this is the head of another traitor."

The bodies were then put into their different ſhells, to be delivered to their friends for interment. While the heads were exhibiting the populace took off their hats.

The execution was over by ten o'clock, and the populace ſoon after diſperſed quietly. There was not the leaſt tendency to riot or diſturbance.

The whole of the awful ceremony was conducted by Sir Richard Ford, and the ſheriff, with the greateſt ſolemnity.

Obſervations on Cock-fighting, with an Account of the awful Death of a Cockfighter.

THE ſavage diverſion of cock-fighting unhappily ſtill continues, to the diſgrace of a Chriſtian nation, to be encouraged, not by the loweſt and meaneſt merely, but even by ſome that are ſtationed in the higheſt ranks of ſociety. The Shrove-Tueſday maſſacre of throwing at theſe unfortunate animals is, it is true, almoſt diſcontinued; but the cock-pit yet remains a reproach and diſgrace to the characters of Engliſhmen. The refinements that have in this country taken place in the pitting of theſe courageous birds againſt each other would ſtrike almoſt the rudeſt of the ſavage tribes of mankind with horror. The battle-royal and the welch-main would ſcarcely be tolerated in any other country in the world. In the former an unlimitted number of cocks is pitted, of which only the laſt ſurviving bird is accounted the victor. Thus, ſuppoſe there were at firſt ſixteen pair of cocks, of theſe ſixteen are killed; the remaining ſixteen are pitted a ſecond time; the conquerors of theſe are pitted a third time; the four conquerors a fourth time; and laſtly, the two conquerors of theſe the fifth time: ſo that (incredible barbarity!) thirty-one cocks muſt be inhumanly murdered for the ſport and paſtime of men who bear the ſacred name of Chriſtians!

> Are theſe your ſovereign joys, creation's lords?
> Is death a banquet for a godlike ſoul?

The tendency of this ſavage diverſion may be readily deduced from numerous inſtances of malignant paſſions created by its purſuit. We ſhall relate but one. Mr. Ardeſoif, of Tottenham, a young man of large fortune, was exceſſively fond of cockfighting. He had a favourite cock that had won on many profitable matches; but for once loſing he was ſo enraged, that he had the bird tied to a ſpit and roaſted before a large fire. The ſcreams of the miſerable animal were ſo affecting, that ſome

gentlemen

gentlemen who were preſent attempted to interfere: this enraged him further to ſuch a degree that he ſeized a poker, and with the moſt furious vehemence declared, he would kill the firſt man who interpoſed; but in the midſt of his aſſeverations he fell down ſenſeleſs on the ſpot, and, on taking him up, was found to be dead. Such we are aſſured were the circumſtances that attended the death of this great pillar of humanity!

The greateſt rivals the Engliſh have in the art of cock-fighting are the inhabitants of Sumatra, and ſome other parts of the eaſt. They, indeed, pay, perhaps a greater attention to the training and feeding of theſe birds than we ever did, even when that diverſion was at its height. They arm one of the legs only, not with a ſlender gaff as we do, but with a little implement in the form of a cimeter, with which the animal makes moſt terrible deſtruction. The Sumatrians fight their cocks for vaſt ſums: a man has been known to ſtake his wife or his children; a ſon, his mother or ſiſters, on the iſſue of the battle. In diſputed points four arbitrators are appointed, and if they cannot agree there is no appeal but to the ſword. Some of them have a notion that their cocks are invulnerable: a father on his death-bed, has, under this perſuaſion, been known to direct his ſon to lay his whole property on a certain bird, fully perſuaded of conſequent ſucceſs.

ACCOUNT *of a late intereſting* TOUR *in* SWEDEN.

By PROFESSOR OLIVARIUS, *of Kiel, in Holſtein.*

SWEDEN is a country, which under the moſt picturesque, and often terrifying aſpect, under maſſes of ice and ſnow, under a continual envelope, ſo to ſpeak, of foreſts, and a ſoil but little productive, conceals in its boſom immenſe riches, inexhauſtible ſources of proſperity—more mines than the inhabitants can work: its interior exhibits at the ſame time an admirable contraſt of the ſimplicity of the natives, and of their indigence, which do not infringe upon their gaiety and contentment; and it will ſerve to prove this double theſis, this double paradox, to the man of the world, that metals are not equivalent to the abundance of eatables which fertile lands produce, and that the enjoyments of great cities are not to be compared with the ſoft repoſe and happineſs, which are enjoyed in countries but little inhabited. M. Schmith, co-regent of the national German lyceum, at Stockholm, will ſerve us, ſays the profeſſor, for a guide, in the recent tour that he has juſt publiſhed, in German, and to which his fellow-tourift, M. Gillberg, director of the works of the fortifications of the ſame city, has annexed plates, deſigned by himſelf, with equal care and exactitude, and which

leave nothing to be defired, in refpect of the engraving, which is partly his own work, and partly that of M. Akrel. There can be no doubt raifed as to the veracity of authors like thefe, whofe reputation, and the offices which they hold, perfectly guarantee their teftimony. "Let us fet out with them from Stockholm (continues the profeffor), and vifit fome northern provinces, ftretching as far as to the frontiers of the country of the Laplanders!

"The winter of 1798 and 1799 had been very long and very fevere (fays the author); the fpring was unufually tardy in imparting its benign influence; and although we paffed the barriers of Stockholm fo late as the 12th of June, the leaves of the trees had not yet attained half their ordinary bignefs; every thing appeared with the rifing fpring fo tender, fo fweet, to the view, and then fo much the more delectable, as it had been waited for with impatience; the air was perfectly temperate, the fky very ferene; in a word, it was one of the fineft evenings of the fpring, a feafon always doubly charming in the north. In fetting out to vifit countries fo curious, to fee the treafures of fo many mines, and the Lapmarks in their cabins, even that fuperb ftreet, De la Reine, appeared to us too long, and we defired nothing more earneftly, than to refpire an air different from that of the capital. At laft, we got beyond the walls, and, after fome minutes walking, we perceived on our right the avenue of the Chateau de Haga; we had now only to pafs over a little hill, and then bid adieu to the metropolis. I looked back, but no longer was there any trace of the city to be feen—not an edifice that preſented itſelf to my view. On the right, a continual foreft of fir trees joined to the road-fide, and which hid many parts of the Haga; on the left was a continual mixture of fields, of orchards, and of pleafure-houfes, whofe fmiling afpect, and modern conftruction, indicated, more or lefs, the vicinity and the influence of Stockholm.

"We were as yet on the high-road to Upfal, and we did not quit it till the moment before we arrived at the chateau of Ulricftal, where we were to turn off for the left, on the road for Sala. Our carriage was one of thofe two-wheeled carrioles, which are here made ufe of for long journies, and which we had purchafed. It is true, that you may meet, at every poft, with a country-carriole to let pretty cheap, but you fit in it very ill at eafe, and much jogged; you muft change continually, often fend a good way to feek for it, and, when it is too heavy, muft let it proceed ſlowly enough. Of courfe, it is moft adviſeable to procure a carriage, like the above, for the whole journey, but one that is light, ſolid, and commodious. It may be uſually had from 20 to 30 crowns of the country (or about 50 French crowns). Good carriages of this kind have two places or ſeats, and require only a ſingle horſe, which can go with it at a great pace,

pace. Often the lightneſs of theſe carriages is ſuch, that a young man might draw them; of courſe they would only ſuit the well ſmoothed roads of Sweden, which roads are a ſort of cauſeways formed generally of hard ſtones, and where heavy-rolling wains have not impreſſed their deep ruts.

On the road, and in the fields, we found but few people, although we traverſed a great tract of country, acroſs well cultivated lands. Here we met with none of thoſe jovial bands of peaſants returning to their villages, and calculating the money they have received in exchange for their commodities, as we meet with in the vicinage of the great cities of Germany. Many reaſons contribute to render the intercourſe of the Swediſh villagers with the citizens leſs frequent than it is elſewhere. The country, although of a very great extent, has proportionably but a very ſmall number of cities, and but thinly peopled; ſo that the farmers, in bringing their commodities there, would loſe too much time, an inconvenience which would be doubly felt from the ſcarcity of hands. The peaſant muſt, therefore, endeavour to have but few wants, to be able to content himſelf with the productions of his land, and, in ſhort, to confine himſelf to go only once or twice a year to the city to procure ſuch things as are abſolutely neceſſary. As to the country about Stockholm, we may further remark, that it is moſtly laid out into great eſtates or ſignories, the proprietors of which ſend their productions to the capital, in large quantities, by water. The lords uſually grant a ſmall piece of ground to the peaſants, who, being obliged to work for their maſter, have hardly time to cultivate the allotted ground, on the fruits of which they live, but without any ſuperfluity that they can ſell."

Without entering into a detail of the cauſes which militate againſt the improvement of the lands in Sweden, we may obſerve here, with the author, that it is more eſpecially owing to the want of hands. "I have made this remark (ſays he) particularly in the provinces where there are fewer lands in fallow, and which are the moſt productive, ſuch as Upland and Weſtmanland; there I never found many people either in the fields or in the houſes, and moſt of thoſe that I met in the villages ſeemed to be only occupied with domeſtic labours. The ſeaſon of ſowing was paſt; the horſes and horned cattle were left to graze in the woods; the fields ſeemed abandoned to themſelves; at a time, too, when the German cultivator finds ſo much occaſion to exerciſe his activity. Every thing announced, that the countryman here labours only for ſubſiſtence, without being at the trouble to furniſh any thing for ſale. This will be remarked at once, if attention be paid to their habitations, which only conſiſt of a ſingle houſe or cottage, rarely accompanied by other buildings. Neither does it appear that the peaſants, however preſſing their demands may be for hay, contrive to ſupply the want of it by artificial meadows, ſo advantageous, and ſo common,

mon, in other countries; they prefer ſowing on a great deal of land, even in fallow, and they content themſelves with a moderate crop, which manure would have very much augmented. Their care does not even extend to the procuring for themſelves all the hay which is abſolutely neceſſary. In winter the cattle are fed with ſtraw, and, when that begins to fail, they ſubſtitute for it that which forms the roofs of their houſes. It muſt be admitted, however, that the Swediſh cultivator is often obliged to ſtruggle againſt a number of obſtacles, as, for inſtance, an enormous quantity of ſtones, of which he muſt clear the ground; and, in ſpite of his labours, there always remain large maſſes, about which, however, grain appears to thrive wonderfully. Theſe maſſes, ſometimes ſcattered, ſometimes covered with wood, ſometimes preſenting only the bare rock, ſo ſtrongly characteriſe the provinces of Upland and Weſtmanland, that, in the longeſt ſpace, one cannot forget an inſtant that we are treading the ſoil of Sweden.

"It was not very far from Enkoping (continues the author), at about fourteen leagues from Stockholm, that I ſaw cherry-trees for the firſt time in this kingdom on the grounds of the peaſants; but to judge of them, at leaſt, by the elegance of the houſe to which the garden appertained, it was not a peaſant of the ordinary claſs. Theſe trees, which were all in bloom, were both the laſt and the firſt which I obſerved in the gardens of that claſs of people during the whole courſe of my journey.

"At every poſt we meet with an inn, commonly let out to a *traiteur*, or to ſome peaſant who has thus the excluſive privilege of keeping an inn; a privilege, in other places, alternate among the peaſants. Every innkeeper is obliged to keep a particular chamber, with a bed, always at the diſpoſal of the traveller; and I can certify, that I never failed meeting with both in very proper condition, and ſometimes beyond my expectation. In the inns, at no great diſtance from the capital, you can often make very good meals and even delicate repaſts; but, at a certain diſtance from the metropolis, we can only procure the ſimple viands which the country affords, to which fiſh is added in moſt places. In general there is no reaſon to complain of any want of cleanlineſs in the cooking of victuals. However, it is always adviſeable to carry ſome proviſions with you, as well as to furniſh yourſelf with beverage.

"You ought to find at all the poſts a certain number of horſes, amounting, in ſome places, to thirty; as to the roads that are but little frequented, they are only bound to keep one in readineſs. The peaſants, who furniſh theſe horſes, often live in houſes more than a mile diſtant from the poſt (about three French leagues). They are obliged to come and preſent their horſes alternately, whether travellers arrive or no, and to leave them there for twenty-four hours. If, at the moment of their arrival,

horſes ſhould be wanted, the poor animals are harneſſed, however fatigued they may be. In order that the innkeepers may have no pretence to ſend away the horſes, a regiſter is kept in every poſt-houſe, ſtating the number of horſes employed in the ſervice of the poſt, and in which every traveller is obliged to inſert his name, his quality, the number of horſes that he makes uſe of, and even the hour of his departure. The traveller may likewiſe write his complaints in this book, when he has been delayed, or ill-attended; and, agreeably to a public ordinance, theſe regiſters are to be re-placed every month by others, and ſent to the chancery."

(To be continued.)

On breeding and rearing Turkeys, being the Method practiſed by the Bird-boy of an Engliſh Gentleman famed for his exceeding fine Poultry.

THE turkey eggs are invariably placed under hens to hatch for the three following reaſons; firſt, the hen is a more tender and better mother, and beſides not ſo clumſy, and therefore better adapted to bring up ſuch tender fowls as young turkeys: ſecondly, where turkeys hatch their own eggs, they are, from their roaming diſpoſition, very apt to loſe their young, being ſo careleſs, that if but one be left with them, they are perfectly content; thirdly, when not allowed to hatch their own eggs, they in general lay again, I mean when they are well fed; and to keep turkeys without feeding them well, is both loſing labour and money.

When the young turkeys are about ten days old, they are taken into the ſun for a ſhort time, for three or four days, during which time the hen is invariably kept under a large coop, open on one ſide only, and the opening placed to the ſun, and during the whole day they are carefully watched; each night they are houſed in a ſmall room built for the purpoſe, and inacceſſible to any vermin, being built as corn-ricks are, on what are called ſtavels. At firſt the young turkies are fed with freſh curd only, made from ſkim milk, afterwards with freſh curd and eggs chopped fine, and laſtly, with ſmall pellets of dough made from the fineſt flour; ſo great is the number of turkeys annually reared by the boy of the above gentleman, that the ſkim milk of five cows made into curd, is devoted ſolely to the uſe of the turkeys, young and old. When the poults are about half grown, they are fed with pellets of dough, made of fine flour and ſuet chopped fine, and worked well into it. When the turkeys are full grown, and are put up to be crammed, the crams are made of barley meal, finely ſifted, worked into dough with new milk, and given three times a day; care is taken

to

to give plenty of clean freſh water, and ſharp gravel. Should they refuſe to pick the gravel, which is eaſily known by the crams remaining undigeſted in their crops, a few drops of ſallad-oil are given, and gravel afterwards mixed in the crams. Gravel greatly promotes digeſtion in all fowls, as every one muſt have obſerved, who has ſeen the gizzard of a fowl opened.

GALVANISM EXTRAORDINARY.

IN an imperial city, lately a criminal was condemned to be decapitated, who had a ſingular itching for the play of nine pins. While his ſentence was pronouncing, he had the temerity to offer a requeſt, which was to be permitted to play once more at his favourite game at the place of execution, and then he ſaid he ſhould die chearfully. As the laſt prayer of a dying man, his wiſhes were granted. When arrived at the ſolemn ſpot, he found the pins ſet up in order, and the bowl lying ready; he played with incredible ardour; but the ſheriff, at length ſeeing that he ſhewed no diſpoſition to leave off, gave the executioner a private hint to ſtrike off his head the next time he ſtooped to take up the bowl. The executioner was ſo fortunate as to embrace a favourable opportunity; ſo that the delinquent raiſing himſelf up with the ſhock, his head fell into his hand, which he immediately threw with great dexterity into the midſt of the pins, conceiving in his conſequent dizzineſs, that it was the bowl which he graſped. All the nine fell down; and the head exclaimed, in a loud voice of exultation—" The Devil take me, if I have not won the game!" A new proof that the head is capable of feeling and ſenſibility, after its ſeparation from the body!!!

ORIGIN *of* ENCYCLOPEDIAS.

THE firſt man who conceived the idea of an univerſal dictionary of arts and ſciences, under the title of encyclopedia, was Andrew Matthew Acquaviva, duke of Atri and Teramo, in the kingdom of Naples, who, like many other primitive benefactors of the republic of letters, has not been ſufficiently known to poſterity. It is rather unaccountable that not even Tiraboſchi has given a detailed notice of him, in the hiſtory of the Italian literature, and that Moreri, who gives in his great dictionary no leſs than forty-four names of the illuſtrious family of Acquaviva, had ſcarcely mentioned, among them, that of the ſubject of this article, who is, perhaps, entitled to more honour than any of his anceſtors or deſcendants.

On FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP cannot long continue without ſincerity: in fine, confidence is eſſential to its nature, but that cannot be placed where we expect to be deceived. This will be diſcovered in many circumſtances in life; our actions will ſpeak louder than our words; we ſhall anticipate the wants of others; our viſits will be free from the flattery of ſycophants; the look will be the index of the mind; if it be ſincere, we may expect its continuance. The ſlanderer will be unable to abate its vigour; even death will not deſtroy true friendſhip; it will expand in a better world, and bloom to all eternity!

An ANECDOTE *of the* ORAN-OTAN.

PERE CARBASSON brought up an oran-otan, which became ſo fond of him, that wherever he went it always ſeemed deſirous of accompanying him: whenever, therefore, he went to perform the ſervice of his church, he was always under the neceſſity of ſhutting it up in a room. Once, however, the animal eſcaped, and followed the father to the church, where, ſilently mounting on the ſounding board above the pulpit, he lay perfectly ſtill till the ſermon commenced. He then crept to the edge, and over-looking the preacher, imitated all his geſtures in ſo groteſque a manner that the whole congregation was unavoidably cauſed to laugh. The father, ſurpriſed and confounded at this ill-timed levity, ſeverely reproved his audience for their inattention. The reproof failed in its effect, the congregation ſtill laughed, and the preacher, in the warmth of his zeal, redoubled his vociferations and his actions: theſe the ape imitated ſo exactly, that the congregation could no longer retain themſelves, and burſt into a loud continued laughter. A friend of the preacher at length ſtepped up to him, and pointed out the cauſe of this improper conduct; and ſuch was the arch demeanour of this animal, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty he could command the muſcles of his countenance, and keep himſelf apparently ſerious, while he ordered the ſervants of the church to take him away.

A QUESTION, *by Taſſo, of St. Allen, Cornwall.*

THERE is a punch-bowl in the form of the ſegment of a ſphere, which contains, when full, 8 gallons, wine meaſure, the circumference of the bowl being 32 inches.—Required the depth of the bowl.

Anſwer, by G. W. of Newton Abbot, to S. L. Margary's Rebus, inſerted Feb. 21.

AS a line, your DIAMETER thus is defin'd,
Without breadth or depth, it to length is confin'd.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from T. Bullock, of St. Columb; J. Tremlett, of Newton Abbot; and J. Harris, of Kingſteington.

Anſwer, by P. Gove, of Exeter, to H. Humphreys's Rebus, inſerted February 28.

THE author, PORTLOCK, is of fame,
And you, my friend, declare the name.

*** We have received the like anſwer from E. Moon, R. Holwell, Thomas Whicker, J. Squance, and W. Strong, of Exeter; T. Adey, and J. Lewis, of Poole; J. Whittle, of Upway; and J. O. Zillwood, of Dorcheſter.

Anſwer, by T. Whicker, of Exeter, to P. Gove's Charade, inſerted February 28.

WHEN the fatal BOW-GUN fires
How diſtreſſing is the ſcene,
To behold a fellow-creature
Writhe in agony and pain.

†*† We have received the like anſwer from W. Gifford, of South Petherton; and J. Squance, W. Strong, and R. Holwell, of Exeter.

A REBUS, *by J. B. Bloomfield, of Poole.*

AN uſeful herb my firſt conceals;
Then next a pronoun you'll reveal;
Thirdly, a plant pray make appear;
An inſect then you will revere;
A well-known fruit doth form my rear:
The initials join'd, and you will view
A beaſt, ye gents. and ſo adieu.

A REBUS, *by J. Tremlett, of Newton Abbot.*

A Female's name, poetic bards, explain;
To ſolve my ſecond Juno's title name;
Liriope's ſon I pray you now deviſe;
Fourthly a Britiſh title ſcrutinize;
And for my laſt I beg you will explore
A ſcholar vers'd in mathematic lore:
Th' initials join'd, in order true,
A foreign iſland you will have in view.

A CHARADE, *by S. L. Margary, of Newton Abbot.*

SEARCH yonder ſhady grove, and you
With eaſe my firſt will find;
Then o'er yourſelf pray take a view,
My next is there combin'd;
Then ſcan the tables of the great,
Where luxuries abound;
Where every nicety's complete,
There oft my whole is found.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

Verſes on the Diſcovery of the late Conſpiracy.

COMMISSION'D by Jehovah, ſtood
A guardian angel nigh,
To ſhield our gracious ſov'reign's life,
And the dark fiends defy.

Wretches accurſt! how dare ye ſtand
His wrath, and vengeful ire,
Who, at his nod, can millions hurl
To death and endleſs fire!

Thy pray'rs, great George! ſhall mount above,
And there like incenſe riſe;
Thy virtues ſoar to heav'n's high arch
Beyond the vaulted ſkies;

The God thou ſerv'ſt with duteous zeal
Protects thee with his arm;
And at command can worlds deſtroy,
And all thy foes diſarm.

Their dark deſigns ſtood all reveal'd
To his all-piercing eye;
And vengeance quick will cruſh the wretch
Who dares his pow'r defy.

Deign ſtill, thou Univerſal Lord!
Our ſovereign's life to guard;
Till all his foes ſhall ſtand appall'd,
And meet their juſt reward.

For this ſhall Albion's pray'rs aſcend,
And reach thy throne on high,
Till his attendant angel calls,
And wafts him to the ſky.

Newton Abbot A. MARSHAL.

DELIA's ABSENCE.

NOW wintry ſcenes 'gin to decline,
And Sol in glorious luſtre ſhines;
The trees once more appear in bloom,
And flowers reflect a rich perfume.
But dull to me is ſpring's return,
While Delia's abſence I muſt mourn.

Now lovely Flora I behold,
All her beauteous charms unfold:
In verdure gay the groves are clad,
To cheer each drooping ſpirit ſad;
In theſe no pleaſure can I ſee,
While Delia's baniſh'd far from me.

The linnet, lark, blackbird, and thruſh,
Melodious ſing thro' every buſh,
Whoſe ſoft enchanting notes reſound
Sweetly thro' the vallies round:
But dull to me their notes appear,
Since Delia's voice I cannot hear.

Still winter reigns within my breaſt,
Nor can ſpring's beauties make me bleſt,
While I my Delia's loſs bemoan,
And ſigh unheeded and alone.
Haſte then, my Delia, to my arms,
Let me enjoy once more your charms.

Imitation of Cowper's Poem, inſerted in Page 299 of this Volume.

WHENE'ER I wiſh, my lovely maid,
A tribute to thy virtues paid,
Then poetry ſhall lend her aid,
Eliza.

Penſive and ſad I breathe the ſtrain,
To tell each beauty o'er again;
Reflection well nigh mads my brain,
Eliza.

Oft, when my ſlumb'ring head has preſs'd
The tear-dew'd down, in hopes of reſt,
With anxious thoughts of thee poſſeſt,
Eliza;

Thy guardian viſion has been near,
Thy hand has wip'd the ſtarting tear;
The kindred talk to thee was dear,
Eliza.

This little ringlet of thy hair,
Which ever near my heart I wear,
Is pledge that thou art miſtreſs there,
Eliza.

If e'er in gayer ſcenes I move,
This lock ſhall bind me to my love,
And every hair a fetter prove,
Eliza.

Could I forget that parting hour,
When firſt the ſtorm began to low'r,
Allotted by the Unſeen Pow'r,
Eliza.

When

When hanging on thy pallid cheek,
My beating heart did well nigh break,
Thro' ſobs I ſtrove in vain to ſpeak,
Eliza.

And fated to a diſtant ſpot,
Without thy aid to cheer my lot,
I live by all but thee forgot,
Eliza.

Verſes on a Spaniel, called, Beau, killing a young Bird.

[From Hayley's Life of Cowper.]

A Spaniel, Beau, that fares like you,
Well fed, and at his eaſe,
Should wiſer be than to purſue
Each triſle that he ſees.

But you have kill'd a tiny bird,
Which flew not till to day,
Againſt my orders, whom you heard
Forbidding you the prey.

Nor did you kill, that you might eat,
And eaſe a doggiſh pain,
For him, tho' chas'd with furious heat,
You left where he was ſlain.

Nor was he of the thieviſh ſort,
Or one whom blood allures,
But innocent was all his ſport,
Whom you have torn for your's.

My dog, what remedy remains,
Since teach you all I can,
I ſee you, after all my pains,
So much reſemble man?

BEAU's REPLY.

SIR, when I flew to ſeize the bird,
In ſpite of your command,
A louder voice than your's I heard,
And harder to withſtand:

You cried, "Forbear!" but in my breaſt
A mightier cried, "Proceed!"
'Twas nature, Sir, whoſe ſtrong behеſt
Impell'd me to the deed.

Yet much as nature I reſpect,
I ventur'd once to break
(As you perhaps may recollect)
Her precept for your ſake:

And when your linnet, on a day,
Paſſing his priſon door,
Had flutter'd all his ſtrength away,
And panting preſs'd the floor,

Well knowing him a ſacred thing,
Not deſtin'd to my tooth,
I only kiſs'd his ruffled wing,
And lick'd his feathers ſmooth.

Let my obedience then excuſe
My diſobedience now;
Nor ſome reproof yourſelf refuſe
From your aggrieved bow-wow:

If killing birds be ſuch a crime,
(Which I can hardly ſee),
What think you, Sir, of killing time
With verſe addreſs'd to me?

ADDRESS *to* HEALTH.

PROPITIOUS gift! thy preſence ſhows
The richeſt boon that Heaven beſtows
On mortals here below;
Thou art the ſource of enterprize,
The ſount from whence all comforts riſe,
And ſpring where pleaſures flow.

Poſſeſs'd of thee, in halcyon reign,
Ten thouſand treaſures tend thy train,
Diffuſing ſweets around:
Beneath thy banner toil is light,;
Ev'n indigence, with all its weight,
In chearfulneſs is found.

Bereft of thee, the lordly's low,
Tho' ſatisfy'd with ſumptuous ſhow,
Magnificence is mean:
Man's mental powers and force decay,
His ſoul ſubmits to ſorrow's ſway,
And ſighs to quit the ſcene.

Yet why ſhould we thy lot lament;
Sickneſs by Heaven's decree is ſent;
And the appointment's juſt;
The peaſant and the potentate
Were pre-ordain'd the ſelf-ſame fate,
To reunite in duſt.

On a good-hearted and pleaſant Old Woman.

REVERE and bleſs, who'er thou art,
If thine is friendſhip's glowing heart,
The ſhade that's conſecrated here,
And ſpare to memory a tear!

I aſk of thee—no cultur'd mind,
Or ſenſe profound, or wit refin'd;
But ſimple nature's cheering ſmile,
And love that's innocent of guile:

The ſocial temper's vernal ray,
That gleams upon the winter's day;
Religion of no gloomy ſect,
The manners free, the life correct.

If thou canſt bring me ſuch as theſe,
I care not who can others pleaſe;
Nor muſe nor genius I implore,
Her gentle ſpirit claims no more.